

Colonel J. Hampton Hoge is the Republican candidate for governor of Virginia. He cannot hope to be elected without securing the solid support of the 140,000 negro citizens of the State, and yet the convention which nominated him gave the negro the cold shoulder and compelled him to take a back seat. It was the evident purpose of that convention to do what it could to free the Republican party of the State from the odium of being called the negro party.

Though Colonel Hoge depends upon negroes for his chief support, he does not seem solicitous to conciliate the good will of the negro Republicans, if one may judge from the tone of his interview in Washington the other day, in which he is quoted as follows:

"The negro today is more immoral, and is more nearly a barbarian, than he was when he was first brought into America. In the South the institution of marriage among the negroes is dying out. The place of the negro is descending. He is approaching the status of the brute more and more each year. But there is no danger to be feared from him, for the white man, individually and collectively, can successfully cope with the question at all times. The negro in Virginia politics will not amount to a great deal in the coming campaign. For myself I believe in giving to the negro all the rights endowed to him through the constitution, the right of suffrage, the privilege of owning property. But I do not favor the negro as an officeholder. The day when a negro could become a member of Congress or a United States Senator has passed. They will never again secure these elective offices."

Now, that is painting the negro in darker colors than he has been painted by our prominent Democrat. It is a very strong statement to make that the negro is now more immoral, more nearly a barbarian, than he was when brought to America from the savage wilds of Africa. If it is true, it is a severe arraignment of the whites as well as the blacks, for the negroes have been intimately associated with the whites for two hundred and fifty years. It is also a severe arraignment of the Republican party, which enfranchised the negro and thereby declared him capable of discharging all of the duties and qualified to enjoy all of the privileges of American citizenship on a footing of perfect equality with the white citizens of a free republic.

Colonel Hoge makes it perfectly plain that he and his white associates only want the votes of the negroes. They have no idea of dividing with them the spoils of victory. On the contrary, he plainly notifies them that they need not expect to be elected to any office. They are good enough to vote, but not good enough to hold office. Is it possible that Colonel Hoge expects to win the support of negroes by talking about them in this way? Perhaps he has so much contempt for his black allies that he feels perfectly sure of their solid support, regardless of any indignities that he may heap upon them. He looks upon them as so many sheep ready to follow their leader in any direction, and always willing to obey the word of command. Colonel Hoge never did stand any chance of being elected governor, but if he had ever had any chance he has taken a very good way to destroy it by vilifying his expected supporters. It is not easy to understand how any self-respecting negro can vote for a man who uses the language employed by Colonel Hoge in the above quoted interview.—Lynchburg News.

## How To Gain Flesh

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is strange, but it often happens.

Somewhat the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food, which he could not do before, and that is the way the gain is made.

A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking

**SCOTT'S Emulsion**

You will find it just as useful in summer as in winter, and if you are thriving upon it don't stop because the weather is warm.

See and hear all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

DOES IT PAY TO BUY CHEAP?

A cheap remedy for coughs and colds is all right, but you want something that will relieve and cure the most severe and dangerous results of throat and lung troubles. What shall you do? Go to a warmer and more regular climate? Yes, if possible; if not possible for you, then in either case take the ONLY remedy that has been introduced in all civilized countries with success in severe throat and lung trouble, "Boschee's German Syrup." It not only heals and stimulates the tissues to destroy the germ disease, but allays inflammation, causes easy expectoration, gives a good night's rest, and cures the patient. Try ONE bottle. Recommended many years by all druggists in the world. Sample bottles at Gorrell's drug store.

# President M'Kinley Shot.

The country was inexpressibly shocked Friday afternoon to learn that the President had been shot while holding a public reception at the Buffalo Exposition. His assailant is believed by secret-service officials, to be connected with the group of anarchists who led the Haymarket rioting in Chicago some years ago. He extended his left hand as if to greet the Chief Executive, and at the same time fired upon the distinguished person before him, with a revolver concealed under a handkerchief in his right hand. The President sustained two wounds, one bullet striking him on the upper portion of the breastbone, glancing and not penetrating; the other penetrating the abdomen five inches below the left nipple. It was stated that, while his wounds are dangerous, they are not necessarily fatal, and that hopes are entertained that he will recover. The would-be assassin was secured immediately.

## SAID HE WAS AN ANARCHIST

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 6.—President McKinley was shot twice while holding a reception in the Temple of Music, at 4:12 p. m. to-day.

The shots were fired by a pole, supposed to be an anarchist. His weapon was a 32-caliber pistol.

The assailant is Leon Czolgosz, who came here from Cleveland, Ohio, He at first gave the name of Frederick Nieman.

One ball entered Mr. McKinley's breast and glanced off, inflicting only a flesh wound. It was extracted. The other entered the abdomen and penetrated the walls of the stomach. Surgeons probed for this bullet, but were unable to find it. This is the wound which, it is feared, may cause death.

After shooting the President Czolgosz said: "I am an anarchist and I did my duty."

Czolgosz signed a confession covering six pages of foolscap, which states that he is an anarchist and that he became an enthusiastic member of that body through the influence of Emma Goldman, whose writing he had read, and to whose lectures he had listened. He denies having any confederate. The man says he decided on the act three days ago, and bought in Buffalo the pistol with which the act was committed. He has seven brothers and sisters in Cleveland. Some of them are butchers and others in different trades. They are Poles. Czolgosz does not appear in the least degree penitent. He says he was induced by his attention to Emma Goldman's lectures and writings to decide that the present form of government in this country was all wrong, and he thought the best way to end it was by killing the President. The man shows no sign of insanity, but is reticent about much of his career. While acknowledging himself an anarchist he does not state to what branch of the organization he belongs.

Mrs. McKinley was not with her husband at the time of the shooting. She received the news later with the utmost courage.

The President was removed to the home of J. G. Milburn, president of the Exposition, whither he was con-

veyed after undergoing an operation at the Exposition hospital.

## SCENE AS HE WAS SHOT

Five minutes before the President was shot the crowd was in the most cheerful humor in the Temple of Music. The people had found no trouble of any kind, and when the President's carriage, containing besides the Chief Executive President John G. Milburn, of the Pan-American Exposition, and Private Secretary George B. Cortelyou, drove up to the side entrance to the temple it was met by a mighty salute of cheers and applause.

The three alighted and were escorted to the door of the building.

Almost immediately a carriage containing Secret Service Men George Foster and Samuel R. Ireland drove up, and these detectives, with several other Secret Service men, entered the building to gether. Inside they were met by Director-General Buchanan, who had arrived but a moment before, and he directed them as to where to stand.

In passing to the place the President took off his hat and smiled pleasantly to a little group of newspaper men and to the guards who had been stationed in the place. To one of the reporters he spoke smilingly, saying: "It is much cooler in here, isn't it?"

## STOOD IN AISLE

The interior of the building had been arranged for the reception. From the main entrance, which opens to the southeast from the temple into the wide esplanade, where thousands had gathered, an aisle had been made through the rows of seats in the building to a point near the center. This aisle was about eight feet wide and turned near the center to the southwest door of the temple, so that there was a passage dividing the south part of the structure into a right angle.

It was so arranged that the people who would shake hands with the President would enter at the southeast door, meet the President in the center and then pass on out at the southwest door. Where the aisle made the curve in the center of the building the corner had been decorated with tall palms and green plants, so the President stood under a bower. Both sides of the long aisle were covered with confetti and strips of purple bunting.

## A SUPPOSED ACCOMPLICE

No one had time to produce a knife had he been able to think of such a thing. A couple of men tore the benches aside and trampled the bunting down, while Mr. Milburn and Secretary Cortelyou half carried the President over the line and into the passageway leading to the stage, which had not been used.

The President was able to walk a little, but was leaning heavily on his escorts. In passing over the bunting his foot caught and for a moment he stumbled. A reporter extricated his foot, and the President was carried to a seat, where a half dozen men stood by and fanned him vigorously. Quick calls were sent for doctors and to the ambulance.

## THIS WOUND PAINS GREATLY

While seated for a moment Secretary Cortelyou leaned over the President and inquired: "Do you feel much pain?"

White and trembling the President slipped his hand into the opening of his shirt front near the heart and said:

## A Bad Breath

A bad breath means a bad stomach, a bad digestion, a bad liver. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache.

25c. All druggists.

Want your mouth and throat a beautiful pink color? Then use

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## Mother

"My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. Then she tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was speedily cured."  
D. P. Jolly, Avoca, N. Y.

No matter how hard your cough or how long you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you can take. It's too risky to wait until you have consumption. If you are coughing today, get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, take it. If he says don't take it, don't take it. If he says leave it with him, leave it with him.

J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Far down the line a man of unusual aspect appeared taking his turn in the line. He was short, heavy, dark, and beneath a heavy dark mustache was a pair of straight bloodless lips. Under the black brows gleamed a pair of gleaming black eyes.

He was picked at once as a suspicious person and when he reached Foster the secret service man held a hand on him until he had gotten to the President and had clasped the Chief Executive's hand. Ireland was equally alert and the slightest move on the part of this man, who is now supposed to have been an accomplice, and for whom a search is being made, would have been checked by the officers.

## THE ASSAILANT ENTERS

Immediately following the man was the President's assailant. He was a rather tall, boyish-looking fellow, apparently 25 years old, and of German-American extraction. His smooth, rather pointed face would not indicate his purpose in slaying the nation's Executive.

The Secret Service men noted that about his right hand was wrapped a handkerchief. As he carried the handkerchief, as if supported by a sling under his coat, the officers believed his hand was injured, and especially as he extended his left hand across the right so as to shake hands with the President. It was noticed that the person who was in front of the assassin held back, apparently to shield the young man, so that it was necessary for Ireland to push him on.

The organist had now reached the climax to the wild strains of the sonata. A more inspiring scene could hardly be imagined. Innocently facing the assassin the President smiled a smile of dignity and benevolence as he extended his right hand to meet the left of the supposedly wounded fiend.

## TWO RAPID SHOTS

As the youth extended his left hand he, quick as a flash, as if trained by long practice, whipped out his hand—the one which held the pistol. Before anyone knew what was transpiring two shot rang out, one following the other after the briefest portion of a second.

For the first moment there was an awful hush. The sonata died instantly, the people stopped and could not breathe. Then there was pandemonium. The Chief Executive, it was known, had been shot.

The President drew his right hand quickly to his chest, raised his head and his eyes rolled. He swayed a moment, reeled and was caught on the arms of Secretary Cortelyou, to his right.

## "MAY GOD FORGIVE HIM."

Catching himself for the briefest second the President, whose face was now of the whiteness of death, looked at the assassin as the officers and soldiers bore him to the floor and said feebly and with the most benevolent look it is possible to imagine: "May God forgive him."

The President was carried first one way, then a step in another direction. The excitement was so sudden that for a moment no one knew what to do. Finally someone advised carrying him inside the purple edge of the aisle and seating him on one of the chairs.

The bunting was in a solid piece, No one had time to produce a knife had he been able to think of such a thing. A couple of men tore the benches aside and trampled the bunting down, while Mr. Milburn and Secretary Cortelyou half carried the President over the line and into the passageway leading to the stage, which had not been used.

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"This wound pains greatly." As the President withdrew his hand the first and second fingers were covered with blood. He looked at them, his hand dropped to his side and he became fainter. His head dropped heavily to his chest and those about him turned away.

During this pathetic scene, while tears were filling the eyes of those about the President, who realized their utter powerlessness to help him, Minister Aspiroz, of Mexico, broke through the little crowd excitedly and awakened the faint into which the President had sunk by dramatically exclaiming in English:

"Oh, my God Mr. President, are you shot?"

While the excited diplomat was being restrained from caressing the Executive and falling at his feet, the President replied, gasping between each word:

"Yes—I believe—I am"

## BORE HIMSELF BRAVELY

The President's head then fell backward and he partially fainted. Mr. Milburn placed his hand back of the wounded man's head and supported it. This seemed to resuscitate the President and he sat stoically in a chair, his legs spread out on the floor, his lips clinched firmly, as if he would fight determinedly against death. He was giving the fight of a soldier, and more than one turned away tremblingly all in the building trembled and shook, not from fear, but the tension and reminder:

"He is certainly a soldier."

## ASSAILANT OVERPOWERED

While all this was transpiring the tragedy had not yet ended on the scene of the shooting. The shots had hardly been fired when Foster and Ireland were on top of the assailant. Ireland quick as thought had knocked the smoking weapon from the man's hand and at the same time he and his champion officer, with a dozen Exposition police and as many artillerymen, were upon the assailant. He was literally crushed to the floor.

While the President was being led away the artillerymen and guards cleared the building in a few moments of those who had entered to meet the Executive, but to do this it was necessary to draw their sabre bayonets and use extreme force.

## THREE YEARS IMPRISONMENT

The maximum punishment under the laws of the State of New York for an attempt to kill that is unsuccessful is three years imprisonment. This fact was the subject of much comment on the streets here this morning.

## LATEST

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 11.—President had a good night and is still improving.

## Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It

## How To Find Out

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also

convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

## What To Do

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and \$1. sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery absolutely free by mail, and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., One of Swamp-Root Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

## A WORTHY SUCCESSOR

"Something new Under The Sun."

"All Doctors have tried to cure catarrh by the use of powders, acid gases, inhalers and drugs in paste form. Their powders dry up the mucous membranes causing them to crack open and bleed. The powerful acids used in the inhalers have entirely eaten away the same membranes that their makers have aimed to cure, while pastes and ointments cannot reach the disease. An old and experienced practitioner who has for many years made a close study and specialty of the treatment of Catarrh, has at last perfected a treatment which when faithfully used not only relieves at once, but permanently cures catarrh, by removing the cause, stopping the discharges, and curing all inflammation. It is the only remedy known to science that actually reaches the afflicted parts. This wonderful remedy is known as 'SWAMP-ROOT' or 'CATARRH CURE' and is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, each package containing internal and external medicine sufficient for a full month's treatment and everything necessary to its perfect use.

"Swamp-Root" is the only perfect Catarrh Cure ever made and is now recognized as the only safe and positive cure for that annoying and disgusting disease. It cures all inflammation quickly and permanently and is also wonderfully quick to relieve Hay Fever or Cold in the Head.

Catarrh when neglected often leads to Consumption—"Swamp-Root" will save you if you use it at once. It is an ordinary remedy, but a complete treatment which is positively guaranteed to cure Catarrh in any form or stage if used according to the directions which accompany each package. Don't delay but send for it at once, and write full particulars as to your condition, and you will receive special advice from the discoverer of this wonderful remedy regarding your case without cost to you beyond the regular price of "Swamp-Root" the Guaranteed Catarrh Cure.

Send prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. E 850, EDWIN B. GLASS & COMPANY, 2333 and 2335 Market Street, Philadelphia.

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## Asthma Cure Free!

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SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL

WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures what all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I am for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease. Asthma and thought you had over-spoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-sized bottle."

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER, Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel, New York, January 3, 1901.

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler, New York, January 3, 1901.

Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition states all troubles which combine with Asthma. I have success in astonishing and wonderful manner after having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or other. Very truly yours,

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

ATON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I changed to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street, New York, last once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully, O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Feb. 5, 1901.

Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have a family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make use of as you see fit.

Home address, 235 Rivington street. S. RAPHAEL, 67 East 129th st., New York City.

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Mountain Dew, smooth and full bodied rye, only \$2.00 per gallon. Virginia Glades, pure rye, \$2.50 per gallon.

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much needed in spring, Globe Brewery extra fine lager, specially bottled, is highly beneficial. Its purity and strength giving qualities make it unequalled for family use. Thousands who have felt its invigorating power would not dream of going without it. There is really no acceptable substitute for this beer. The fact is indisputable, and is widely believed and acted upon.

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F. A. QUENSEN, Manager,

GLOBE BREWERY DEPOT.

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